

THE
FLIGHTS of FANCY,

BEING A

Miscellaneous Collection

OF

ORIGINAL POEMS, EPIGRAMS,
PROLOGUES, SONGS, &c.

Entirely new, never yet published, and adapted to the present Times.

" To shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age
and Body of the Time, his Form and Pressure."

HAMLET.

BY

WILLIAM FRANCIS SULLIVAN, A.B. R

*Assistat at Mr. HODGSON's Academy, and Son of the late
FRANCIS STOUGHTON SULLIVAN, L.L.D.*

*Senior Fellow, and Royal Professor of Law,
in the University of Dublin.*

Leeds :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY THOMAS GILL.

Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.

(1792.)



TO
MAJOR HALLIDAY,
OF THE
Leafowes, near Birmingham,
ONCE—AND STILL THE SEAT OF THE
MUSES;
WHERE OPULENCE, HOSPITALITY AND
MUNIFICENCE,
LITERATURE, ELEGANCE AND EASE,
AND THE
OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE,
ARE MUTUALLY INTERCHANGED,
THE FOLLOWING
MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTION
IS WITH ALL RESPECT, GRATITUDE,
AND ESTEEM,
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT,
AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

The Author.

LEEDS, *June 14th, 1792.*



C O N T E N T S.

1. The Author's Progress; a Satiric and Political Tale.
2. The Negro's Complaint; or, The Horrors of Slavery.
3. Essay on the Effects of Modern Dramatic Exhibitions on the Morals and Manners of the Age.
4. An Historic Eulogium on Mr. F—, a Satiric Pasquinade.
5. Prologue for the opening of a new Theatre built by Subscription.
6. Prologue for a second Representation of Othello by Gentlemen, for the Benefit of confined Debtors.
7. Epitaph on Laurence Sterne.
8. Epitaph on General Wolfe.
9. Epigram on an Author.
10. Epigramatic Epitaph on an Atheist.
11. The City Wit; an Epigramatic Tale.
12. Verses on Eliza.
13. Poor Ned; a new Song, in Imitation of "Poor Jack."
14. "I was, d'ye mind a Waggoner," in Imitation of "I was, d'ye see a Waterman."
15. Anniversary Song for the Literary Society.
16. The Old Soldier, or Farewell to Poor Brown Bess.
17. The Irish Wedding, a Comic Song.
18. The Poor Author.
19. Irish Coalition Song.
20. Paddy O'Blunder, a Comic Song.
21. The Quacks of the Day.
22. A Sketch of the Times, or the Year 1792, in the Character of a Frenchman.

CONTENTS

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

23 OC 62

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction

The Author's Preface: a General Introduction

The History of the Book: a General Introduction



The AUTHOR'S PROGRESS:
OR,
The ART of RISING in the WORLD.

—“ *Rem facias rem*
“ *Recte si possis, si non, quocunque modo rem.*”

HOR.

“ Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,
“ If not, by *any* means get wealth and place.”

POPE.

THERE liv'd a Poet, long obscur'd
Within a garret's wall's immur'd,
Where meagre famine on him frown'd,
Whom fortune once with smiles had crown'd;
Distrest to find how he must live,
By what the Bookseller might give,
He often had beguil'd the time,
By writing things in prose and rhyme.

But vex'd at heart that parts like his,
Should oft be treated so remiss,
For after all the pains he took,
There Printer scarce could vend a book;
Whether on purpose, none could tell,
Certain it is, they did not sell:
These circumstances weigh'd, you know,
Must hurt a man, whose cash was low.

No longer able to contain,
Or smother his internal pain,
One morning he address'd his wife,
(Who overheard the rising strife,

The

The struggling tumult of his breast,
 Which hinder'd him all night of rest.)
 " Gods ! cried the bard, that works like mine,
 " Sublimity in every line,
 " That lash the vices of the age,
 " With attic salt in every page,
 " Should be rejected and abus'd,
 " Thrown by by some, by more refus'd,
 " Without a reason, pro or con,
 " Where I might build a hope upon ;
 " But 'tis the curse of ev'ry poet,
 " And every author sure must know it,
 " Without a formal introduction
 " By some great man, or his instruction,
 " He may as well go straight to hell,
 " As think his manuscript will sell."

" True," (cried the wife who patient listen'd,
 While in each eye the full drop glisten'd)
 " You are a proof—without a friend
 " Who do you think your works will 'tend ;
 " The world's all self, and where you'll find
 " A man of your own turn of mind,
 " You sure may seek a year at least,
 " From Hyde-Park West to Poplar East ;
 " E'en then when found, he'll freely own,
 " Like you he met with fortune's frown :
 " He has a heart, 'tis very true,
 " But lacks the means, as well as you.
 " Dear husband then for pity's sake,
 " Some other occupation take."

The bard look'd dull, and twice he sigh'd,
 'Ere to his wife he thus replied :—
 " What occupation, calling, trade,
 " Whom fortune such a wretch has made.
 " Alas, my love ! heaven truly knows,
 " To mitigate our present woes,
 " No husband ever was more willing,
 " To earn industriously a shilling ;
 " But I with other prospects fed,
 " Was never taught to earn my bread,
 " Death caus'd a sudden, dismal change,
 " And left me the wide world to range ;

" The education I receiv'd,
" I foolishly for once believ'd
" For all disasters would atone,
" And prove my steady friend alone ;—
" Had I been born a vulgar slave,
" No happier station could I crave,
" The wretched shifts that mankind use,
" I could not then in course refuse—
" But, I was born to know far worse,
" That education is a curse."

He stopt—and wept—his looks were wild,
As he survey'd his infant child,
Who at the breast unconscious hung
Of all the anguish he was stung ;—
His elder hope, a lovely boy,
The father's pride, the mother's joy,
With lisping accents sooth'd his care,
And bade him not indulge despair ;
" Papa" (he cried) " don't grieve nor frown,
" Mamma has still left half a crown."
This was too much—his swelling heart
Urg'd him now straightway to depart,
Snatching his hat, away he went,
To give his griefs the fuller vent ;
And as he hurried him along,
Amid the busy, bustling throng,
SCRIBBLE, an author of renown,
Whose fame was spread throughout the town,
By chance o'ertook him by the way,
And question'd him the time of th' day—
" Nay prithee, STANZA, why so sad,
" The times are not so very bad."

" When men like you, (our bard return'd,)
" Whose writings should by all be spurn'd,
" For well I know that thou art one,
" Whom ev'ry mortal ought to shun,
" When you proclaim then times are good,
" And men of genius wanting food,
" No wonder that I'm griev'd to see,
" There's no encouragement for me."

B

" Tut

" Tut man, you quite mistake, (quoth SCRIBBLE)
 " The knack of writing is but quibble ;
 " But look around and you'll perceive
 " How half the world has learn'd to live ;
 " 'Tis not by merit—that's a fault,
 " It wouldn't find them bread and salt ;
 " They take a readier, surer way,
 " And catch the rumour of the day ;
 " To mention one—there's T——s P—e,
 " From reading him who can refrain ?
 " And yet I'll hold you ten to one,
 " He *levels* you if you read on :
 " His arguments are knock 'em down ones,
 " But that's not saying they're profound ones.
 " Again—no matter what you write,
 " If you but scandal can indite,
 " Let it be e'er such wretched stuff,
 " Be sure abuse, and that's enough ;
 " Mix and confound both right and wrong,
 " And be dictator of the throng ;
 " By such a well-tim'd lucky blunder,
 " You may become a six month's wonder !
 " Have party spirit in your theme,
 " And carry all things to extreme ;
 " Run down the minister of state,
 " Expose him as a common cheat,
 " Then presto—change—at patriots rail,
 " Like them, you'll find a rapid sale :—
 " Perhaps you'll frighten them a bit,
 " By mentioning a long deep PIT ;
 " Advise 'em to be wise and wary,
 " Be sure encourage them to vary ;
 " Renew the fable of the Fox,
 " And hint about the dice and box ;
 " Wonder that people are not shy,
 " To stake their credit on a die,
 " Nor e'en let M—j—y alone,
 " Throw dark surmises round the throne ;
 " Whilst on the other hand despair,
 " The conduct of a certain HEIR :—
 " In short, ne'er go behind the bush,
 " But make a bold and forward push ;
 " 'Tis impudence success insures,
 " Whilst humble modesty endures."

" Enough

" Enough, (said STANZA) it is plain,
 " That works of merit are in vain ;
 " Must then my manuscripts be lost,
 " And all the labour they have cost ;
 " Can there no Bookfeller be had,
 " Who of my writings would be glad ?
 " Has judgment fled ?—has good taste vanish'd ?
 " Sure common feeling has been banish'd."

" Nay, as for that, (replies the other)
 " I'll tell you as a friend and brother—
 " For pamphlets frivolous and silly,
 " There's one or two in Piccadilly ;
 " For weekly numbers all agog,
 " The well-known A——r H—gg ;
 " And J——n in St. Paul's Church Yard,
 " For metaphysics has regard,—
 " Not that he knows a word about it,
 " His P's from Q's he tells without it ;
 " Whilst B—ll theatric in the Strand,
 " Can puff your play off at command ;
 " He all your faults away can wipe,
 " With fine wove paper, new cast Type ;—
 " With many more that I might mention,
 " But I'd not wish to breed dissention :
 " But this you'll find—they're all alike,
 " You the poor gudgeon—they the pike."

" Ere I shall prostitute my pen,
 " For such a griping set of men,
 " May STANZA ev'ry comfort lose,
 " And the whole town my works refuse."

" Then starve (cried SCRIBBLE with a sneer)
 " While I in gaiety appear ;
 " I hesitate no means to try,
 " Then why should you—no more than I ?
 " Men are alike, and SELF you'll find,
 " Engraven upon every mind ;
 " I tell you o'er and o'er again,
 " That works of merit are in vain ;
 " How often have I said before,
 " Genius in silence may deplore,

B 2

" While

" While ignorance may laugh and chat,
 " And link'd with impudence, grow fat :
 " In vain the slender curate sighs,
 " Whilst the fat rector holds the tythes ;
 " In vain the vet'ran soldier shews
 " The many scars from foreign foes ;
 " The GENERALS, who their country fold,
 " Prolong'd last war for fordid *gold*,
 " All men salute with bow profound,
 " They're worth an hundred thousand pound.
 " In vain are courage, worth, and sense,
 " Such stale endowments give offence ;
 " But should you ev'ry vice possess,
 " That deep invention e'er might guess,
 " Possess but GOLD—'twill make amends,
 " And find you advocates and friends.
 " Should you by rapine in the East,
 " And murders hundred-told at least,
 " Have wealth acquir'd, you need not fear,
 " Your innocence will soon appear :
 " Ne'er be ashamed how base or vile,
 " *Put money in thy purse*" and smile ;
 " Rich rogues ne'er suffer by the laws,
 " But bribe the judge, and gain their cause ;
 " But should he fail—you may be sure
 " It was, because the rogue was poor ;
 " For judge and jury both agree,
 No crime's so great as *Poverty*."

This said, each took a different street,
 And promis'd soon again to meet.

Observing SCRIBBLE so carest,
 So plump, so gay, and so well dress'd,
 STANZA began to see quite plain,
 The cause why he appear'd so mean ;
 No longer able to endure,
 The curse of being found so poor,
 Home he return'd, and to the flame,
 Committed all his former fame ;—
 Now moral Essays in a blaze
 Are mix'd with pastorals and plays ;
 Odes, epigrams at once expire,
 And only help to light his fire ;

In short, we may with truth presume,
They all evaporate in *fume*.

STANZA now took his ink and pen,
And wrote lampoons on various men,
And ne'er accounting it a sin,
He dash'd away thro' thick and thin;
No shame he knew, but with his quill,
He gave obscenity its fill;
He gloried to inflict the lash,
The cleanest characters to splash;
E'en T——w's frown had no effect,
And L——o' met with disrespect;
Blest with a ready quick invention
He brav'd the pillory's ascension,
Knowing if he abus'd the court,
The *city* would his pen support,
Or if the city he derided,
In *court* protection he confided;
So dext'rously he plays his cards,
So nicely his expressions guards,
Not all the members of the law,
Can form a libel or a flaw;
He cares not either leek or onion,
For Justice B——r or Lord K——n;
He throws the city and Recorder,
Into strange tumult and disorder:
In vain Josiah D——rnf——d speeches,
In vain he scripture quotes and preaches;
Home truth's convey'd with keenest diction,
(A match for puritanic fiction)
Unanswerable proofs can state
In satire indiscriminate:
No wonder that in language bold,
Truths disagreeable be told,
No wonder that each fordid elf
Applies the meaning to himself;—
For satire just no party knows,
But equally should deal his blows;
So keen, so cutting were his jokes,
They sink beneath his sturdy strokes.

'Tis strange to tell, but soon he found
Encouragement from all around;

Printers

Printers in crouds beyond expreffion
 Seek eagerly the firft impreffion;
 But recollecting former times,
 He taxes roundly for his rhimes—
 They moft obsequioufly comply,
 His works at all events they buy;
 Such rapid fale—such quick edition
 Soon put him in a good condition.

Finding fuch daily publications,
 But multiplied ftrong accusations,
 For judging wifely what was beft,
 That of two evils chufe the leaft,
 The JUNTO join to greafe his chop,
 And give this Cerberus a fop;
 Accordingly a deputation
 Commiffion'd by ad—ft—n,
 Agree to feize him by furprife,
 By throwing gold duft in his eyes;
 The only readieft way to take,
 Their fears to lull, *his* fortune make.

The bargain ftruck, the terms agreed,
 The poet being roundly fee'd,
 He lifts the champion of the ftate,
 And only ftrives to pleafe the great.
 Honour politically dead,
 And confcience faft afleep in bed;
 Forgetful of his quondam ways,
 By which he gain'd deferved praife,
 And certain he had found his ends,
 He quite forgets his former friends:—
 Yet fancy not thro' all his fong,
 That he was always in the wrong;
 You might as well at once indite,
 That M——s are always right,
 But having late abus'd the work
 The produft of fublimic B—KE,
 He handles now with due difdain
 The factious fpirit of T—M P—E,
 He proves beyond all contradiction,
 T--M's airy flights are nought but fiction;
 He's able in a word to fhew,
 T--M writes what he himfelf don't know,

“ The

" The name of king he cannot bear,
 " The very sound offends his ear,
 " With stars and garters he's perplex'd,
 " *To Lord no meaning is annex'd;*
 But tell him titles were design'd
 For men of noble virtuous mind,
 Tom thinks it as his due reward,
 That he himself should be a Lord ;
 And would accept, as GOD is true,
 Both *title* and a *pension* too.

But tir'd with democratic faction,
 Our poet sings a late transaction,
 Applauds the minister's decision,
 Who voted "*instant abolition,*"
 Wonders a free born British P----E,
 Could nullity of facts evince,
 Or that he ever could be sway'd,
 To give *his* fiat to the trade,
 When mercy would have rais'd his fame,
 Beyond a ducal princely name.

Thus he proceeds, and cares not who
 The cap fits, they may wear it too.

A strange reverse of fortune's seen
 To what our author once had been,
 Now for the lean and pallid cheek,
 Behold him rosy, fat and sleek,
 Notic'd, surrounded, shook'd by th' hand,
 With profer'd service at command ;
 While those, who turn'd aside, now meet him,
 With kindest salutations greet him,
 In short so courted it is said,
 A rapid fortune soon he made,
 Accumulating what he gleans,
 Not caring by what ways or means ;
 Rememb'ring that the greatest *curse*,
 Is center'd in an *empty purse*.

Retiring then for life, one day,
 In public he was heard to say,
 " Let every author that wou'd shine,
 " And every day wou'd wish to DINE,
 " Example take and follow mine."

THE

THE
NEGRO'S COMPLAINT;
OR,
HORRORS OF SLAVERY.

DRAGG'D from my native foil,
By savage christian foes,
Captivity and toil,
Will quickly end my woes.

Sold by a faithless friend,
Transported far away,
No children, Wife attend,
My sorrows to allay.

Forc'd from their dear embrace,
From ev'ry social tie,
Doom'd is our hapless race,
In slavery to die.

With chains oppress'd, with scorn,
The sport of christian pride,
Tho' *free by nature* born
As *they* who thus deride.

Our lawless tyrants scourge
With unrelenting hand,
With bloody stripe they urge
Each trivial flight command.

Thus torn with ranking sore,
Reward of all our toils,
Shock'd at our crimson gore,
Humanity recoils.

Oh!

Oh! never more to view
Lamented AFRIC's shore,
Our little infants too,
Must see their fire no more.

Or, (curse to think!) our sons,
Posterity unborn,
Must share alike our wrongs,
Our proud oppressor's scorn.

To *you*, who freedom prize,
Who feel it's genuine ray,
A hapless slave now cries,
O'erwhelm'd by iron sway.

Ye, who such blessings feel,
To others should impart—
Behold your captive kneel,
Oh! ease his bursting heart!

Oh say! what have we done,
Why wretched BLACKS are made
Of all mankind alone,
The object of your trade?

What tho' our fable hue
Be foreign in *your* light,
HE, who form'd *us*, form'd *you*,
Both equal in *his* fight.

Oh! then at length forego
Your arbitrary laws,
And with fraternal glow,
Protect the NEGRO's cause.

I can no more—I faint,
By cruelty oppress'd,
Death soon shall ease my plaint,
In silent, peaceful rest.

But hark! my tyrants come,
Fresh torments they prepare,
Save, save me from a doom,
Too great for man to bear.

C

Thou

Thou welcome steel, whose smart
 Alone can set me free,
 Come quickly to my heart,
 Dispatch a wretch like me.

[Stabs himself.]

I go to that blest home,
 Whence I shall ne'er return,
 My soul shall freely roam
 Around my Father's urn.

[Dies.]

ESSAY ON THE EFFECTS OF MODERN DRAMATIC EXHIBITIONS.

*"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
 Quos ultra, citraque, neque consistere rectum."*

HOR.

WHETHER the Poets have in every age,
 Corrupted, more than they've improv'd the stage,
 Or if the stage the drama have refin'd,
 And so bath help'd to humanize the mind,
 If th' institution be to censure free,
 Or in its praise we rather should agree?
 These questions let us solve, so render clear
 Which of the two, more rational appear.

Ye Critics sour, of stern religious cast,
 Refrain that virulence for ages past
 Which *prejudice*, not *reason* hath confirm'd,
 And which by all, must ignorance be term'd;
 For with a wanton and peculiar rage,
 Your chief attacks are levell'd at the stage;

Whilst

Whilst y z, of spirits volatile and gay,
 Who scarce exist when absent from a play,
 Who follow pleasure as the greatest good,
 And deem the loosest scene its proper food,
 List to conviction, patiently peruse,
 For proofs substantial neither can refuse;
 So shall the difference be in one point view'd,
 Each own his error, both by truth subdu'd.

What first gave rise to the dramatic scene,
 Can scarce be trac'd, so ancient has it been;
 But this we know, the wisest states of *Greece*
 Gave due encouragement to every piece,
 And who to liberty made greater claim,
 Who cherish'd more each gen'rous virtuous flame?
 Th' immortal *Sophocles* all *Athens* fir'd,
 With public virtue ev'ry breast inspir'd;
 Either their spirit catch'd the poet's brain,
 Or *Greece* took fire from his exalted strain.
 Thou *Socrates* divine! didst condescend
 And to *Euripides* assistance lend:
Solon the wise, with legislative zeal,
 Deem'd the stage useful to the common-weal;
 In this he judg'd aright, for vice was lash'd,
 And from corruption's lip the cup was dash'd.

From *Greece* to *Rome*, next let us point the way,
 And mark how great theatric merit's sway;
Laelius and *Scipio* judg'd 'twou'd not degrade,
 And *Terence* oft their joint companion made;
 Thro' history's page mankind are all convinc'd
 What love for *Roscus*, *Tully* has evinc'd;
 No greater praise from any pen has flow'd,
 Than what the Orator on him bestow'd;
 Even *Augustus*, that imperial name,
 Strove by the Muses to increase his fame,
 And from the nine, *Melpomene* he chose,
 But vain his efforts, he could not compose;
 He tho' a demi-god the task resign'd,
 As nature only can implant the mind.

These were the times in which the WORD was given,
 In which th' Apostles were inspir'd from heav'n;

And in these times the *Drama* flourish'd most,
 Throughout each province, and most distant coast;
 Yet in their sacred works, *no learn'd divine*
Against theatric scenes can cite one line!
 Nor were anathema's by them pronounc'd,
 Which future ages since have oft denounc'd.

If then, the great, the best of ev'ry age,
 In every nation granted patronage,
 And if those chosen few by GOD ordain'd,
 Ne'er of its evil tendency complain'd,
 Why lives the *Drama* still by some despis'd,
 Hated still more than ever it was priz'd?

Dark was the *middle period* 'tis confess'd,
 When *Goths* and *Vandals* over-ran the West;
 Then *Ignorance*, *Barbarity*, join'd hand,
 And with their giant strides o'erspread the land;
 Fair *Science* thrunk with fear at their approach,
 Lest on her province they would next encroach;
 A death-like silence frightful and profound,
 Quickly ensu'd and seiz'd all nature round,
 In vain all nature did the loss deplore,
 Virtue was fled, when science was no more.

At length these tyrants were by *Time* subdu'd,
 And man once more with reason was endu'd;
 The glorious prospect rises on the sight,
 The soul awakes, and darkness yields to light;
 But still obscure its rays, so very dim,
 'Twas many years e'er *Phæbus* shew'd his limb;
 E'en then was learning totally confin'd
 To Monks, and those to priestly craft inclin'd,
 And what their boasted literature's amount!
 To con some pray'rs 'twas only tantamount,
 And thro' a language scarcely understood,
 To cram the vulgar's throat with holy food;
 Th' affrighted nations durst not reprimand,
 But blest these pseudo-pastors of the land:
 No wonder ignorance so long prevail'd,
 And the true source of knowledge lay conceal'd.

Sent from above, behold the *Charlemagne*,
 The first who could the noble task sustain,

He

He clear'd the way, encourag'd all to hope,
 And by *rewards* gave genius ev'ry scope:
 From this bright æra only can we trace
 That dawn of fancy which has grown apace.

To bring the subject to the nearest view,
 And point false reason out by what is true,
 At home, on *English* ground let's mark the way,
 By a short abstract to this very day.

Vain the research, while *Henry's*, *Edward's* reign'd,
 No useful knowledge can be there obtain'd;
 Whilst *York* and *Lancaster* their native land
 Delug'd with blood, each art was at a stand;
 Tho' civil discord cloy'd with human gore,
 Deign'd for a time some respite to restore,
 Short was the interval, for furious zeal,
 Religious frenzy tore the common-weal,
 Grim persecution founded the alarm,
 And nought could its tremendous rage disarm,
 Had not *Elizabeth*, thro' heav'n's decree,
 By *reformation* set despondence free;
 Then pristine vigour cloath'd the human mind,
 So long depress'd, so long in chains confin'd;
 She dar'd once more at *Helicon* to drink,
 And unrestrain'd, on various subjects think;
 Bright happy period! 'twas *Eliza's* name,
 Encourag'd genius in the road to fame.

Here let us pause in wonder and amaze,
 Behold a *Shakspeare* in these early days;
 Nature, amid the blessings of that age,
 Gave this her darling child t' enrich the stage,
 And with resistless, absolute controul,
 To rule the various passions of the soul;
 Th' attendant passions each around him move,
Shakspeare, their *fun*, their center all approve,
 Thro' whom, by whose elucidating ray
 Their darkest movements brighten into day.
 Thrice happy *England*! blest in such a man,
 Match him, ye different nations, if ye can;
 Nature, exhaustless as we deem her store,
 Form'd but *one Shakspeare*, and cou'd do no more.

In after reigns were many poets born,
 Who by their works their country did adorn;
 And in the *Drama* chiefly they excell'd,
 For then the *Drama* was by all upheld;
 Mankind found out its salutary end,
 That much instruction with delight might blend.
Dryden, Rowe, Otway, Southern, each a name
 To immortality lay justest claim,
 They had that exquisite and innate art,
 And found the nearest passage to the heart:
 Then sprightly COMEDY, facetious maid,
 Courted by all, her various charms display'd,
 And conscious that she was by all admir'd,
 Sometimes her lovely form too loose attir'd;
Ben Johnson, Congreve, Wycherly, and Steele,
 All own their passion, all before her kneel;
 While she, on universal passion conquest bent,
 Gave each her hand in turn, and smil'd consent.
 Lo! modest *Cibber* at a distance sues,
 And the good-natur'd soul could not refuse;
 Nay, the assum'd and more becoming mien,
 Less affectation than before was seen,
 For tho' in ready wit and wanton leers
 She once rejoic'd, she now more chaste appears—
 And here indeed may cynics justly rail,
 Here lies their refuge, here their sole appeal,
 Whilst Comedy licentious sway'd the age,
 Well might they censure the corrupted stage;
 But since refinement and a better taste,
 Have prun'd judiciously the comic feast,
 Since sentimental *Cumberland* can charm,
 And female *Inchbald* critic rage disarm;
 Since *Sheridan* in sterling wit refin'd,
 Can laugh, yet lash the follies of mankind,
 Since men, like *Murphy, Colman, and Burgoyne*,
Cobbe, Holcroft, Richardson, together join,
 When each steps forth, his brilliant talent tries,
 "To catch the living manners as they rise,"
 With manly sense, bright point, and moral chaste,
 To gratify, yet rectify our taste!
 Why should we not unite in the defence,
 Of such a pleasing treat to common sense.

Briefly

Briefly to give, or to with-hold applause,
 Let's mark a certain *limit* to it's laws,
 So on the whole, a proper *medium* take,
 And a sound, rational conclusion make.

If it appear the drama is improv'd,
 It's *former evil* tendency remov'd,—
 If *vice* be *punish'd*—virtue meet reward,
 And inexperience put upon its guard,—
 If *Tragedy* by deep distress excite
 The tenderest feelings, e'en in nature's spite,—
 If the fell *murderer self-consci us* feel,
 And bloody *tyranny* in penance kneel,—
 If *Comedy* a happy subject hit,
 And find applause by chaste and well-tim'd wit,—
 And if *deformity* itself must own,
 By the keen shafts of *ridicule* alone,—
 If *youth* may be by scenes so highly wrought,
 At once by *precept* and example taught,—
 May we not infer a good effect,
 And the most happy consequence expect.

AN HISTORIC EULOGIUM ON

Mr. F——.

A SATIRIC PASQUINADE.

"*Intus, et in cute novi.*"———PERSIUS.

MY worthy friend, not all the tribe
 Of brother Poets can describe,
 To paint aright, no pencil's able
 Thy noble actions from the cradle;
 In vain can I by words convey,
 Thy former life down to this day,
 And yet in justice, I'll essay.

}

What

What signifies a beggar's child
 So that his manners were but mild ;
 No, were his parents never married,
 I care not how the boy was carried ;
 Wrapt in a blanket, oft has merit
 Rose in due time by sense and spirit ;
 It matters not whence you began,
 'Tis *worth* alone that makes the man.

Happy for thee, it would have been,
 Could'st thou have kept thy tongue within,
 But low bred slander knows no bounds,
 And innocence with guilt confounds ;
 In vain thy false aspersions toil,
 On thy own head shall they recoil.

With ragged garb, and hungry maw,
 I'll first devote thee to the *saw* ;
 Thy hands then earn'd thee daily bread,
 Hands at this instant coarse and red,
 But tir'd at length, you deem'd it meet
 To change that labour to thy *feet*.

'Twas then a brogue first hid thy toes,
 (This is confirm'd by friends and foes ;)
 With much ado, and many pegs,
 Your master made your clumsy legs,
 The wonder of each country fair,
 No jig complete, were you not there,
 But fitter was it to have made
 Thy feet subservient to a spade.

A juggler or a mountebank,
 Or somebody of equal rank,
 Employ'd thee next, as all can vouch
 In quality of SCARAMOUCH.
 Here first you likewise learn'd to scrape,
 A double vantage hence to reap ;
 For while by tricks on cups and balls
 You satisfied starv'd nature's calls,
 You oft-time fill'd your hungry belly
 By murd'ring *Handel* and *Corelli* ;
 You learn'd by times the cheating art,
 And seem'd to lay it most at heart ;

For

For this thy future life explains,
 How you have liv'd by various means ;
 E'en **BRESLAW**—or the fam'd **SIEUR REA**,
 Would scorn the tricks that you display ;
 You priz'd and had at most command,
 The *Barringtonian* slight of hand,
 For now it stands a serious jest,
 Thy fingers, feet, nor tongue can rest.

What next was thy grand avocation,
 A most exalted occupation !
 " *Here, coming Sir*"—a handy **WAITER**,
 None in *servility* compleater,
 By which 'tis easily discern'd,
 More kicks than half-pence thou hast earn'd ;
 A horsewhip more than once you've tasted,
 With bamboo often have been basted,
 And kick'd and cuff'd by every stranger,
 Tho' nought was never much in danger :
 Yet dreading this precarious station
 Would hourly add to your vexation,
 Left for your impudence and sauce,
 Some from a window might you toss,
 Or others in a frolic kill
 And only charge you in the bill ;
 This course of life you justly blam'd,
 And very naturally exclaim'd,
 " Why was I doom'd to change my hops
 " For punch, beef-steaks, or mutton chops ?
 " The butt of ev'ry drunken ape,
 " And monkey in the human shape ?
 " No longer will I stand the roast,
 " Whilst I of other talents boast,
 " Of cuts and capers I've abundance,
 " So, notwithstanding the redundancy,
 " Like many more I'll play the fool,
 And so set up a **DANCING-SCHOOL**."

This said, no sooner said than done,
 No longer **WAITER**, but **BON TON** ;
 In green and gold from top to toe,
 A tinsel, swagg'ring, cap'ring beau :

D

How

How you could dress, appear so fine,
I shall from modesty decline.

Yet think not I would here run down
A calling much approv'd in town ;
'Tis *Dancing* gives a grace and air,
E'en to the much-accomplish'd fair,
Adds *polish* to extensive knowledge,
Wipes off the mould and rust of College,
Refines and softens every action,
And gives the *finish* to attraction :
Not on the *calling*, but the *person*,
That I bestow a single verse on,
For here I'll own it to your face,
That *every* calling you disgrace.

Here might I stop,—but something more
Ridiculous than all before,
Compels my almost wearied pen,
So I'll dismiss you not till then.

A *Sawyer* first thou might'st have been,
Few better ever have been seen ;
A *Juggler*, *Mountebank*, and *Waiter*,
In each employment no one greater ;
Thou might'st have *caper'd* to a jig,
And nobody have car'd a fig ;
Nay, might'st have *fiddled* to some tune,
And so have made thy fortune soon ;
Of all religions been partaker,
A *Presbyterian*, *Papist*, *Quaker* ;—
All these in silence might have reign'd,
Had'st thou thy rancour but restrain'd :
But with malevolence and gall,
You seiz'd a *quill*, and strove to *scrawl*,
Who taught thee use of pen and ink,
Would pose a conjuror to think,
Or how thou cam'st to know thy letters
Is still a secret 'mongst thy betters ;
Perhaps thou'st juggled with *Old Nick*,
Who shew'd thee how to cheat and trick,
He brought thee sure in *nature's spite*
To learn thy alphabet and write ;

Thy works he only could inspire,
They breathe a true *Satanic* fire.

The world they smil'd with due contempt
When they beheld your first attempt,—
So pitiful the composition,
Beneath a serious disquisition;
“*Cleanthes*” signature could prove,
How much you valu'd people's love;
“*Pro Bono Publico*” I'll mention,
Your next attempt to sow dissention;
Then was perceiv'd the growing evil,
The very SPIRIT of the DEVIL,
When to the world, you loud address'd
The vices *you alone* possess'd;—
No wonder that the laws severe,
Then stop'd you in the mad career;—
What could induce you to oppose,
And make th' establish'd church your foes?
All sects whatever to abuse,
From Papists, Methodists, to Jews,
When it can *well* be prov'd, that *you*
Were *Papist, Presbyterian* too;
But now religion you disclaim,
And quarrel with the very name;
What could possess thee to attack,
And bring the *Players* on thy back?
How durst thou doom to deep damnation
Men of a *reputable* station?
None are so blind, but they can see
No *outlaw* half so bad as thee.

Such inconsistency of part,
Must prove depravity of heart;
To call thee fool, or count thee mad,
As an excuse, you might be glad,
But mankind know you far too well,
And your *true* character can tell:
“In obstinacy like a mule,
“Too cunning to be thought a fool,
“And madness can be no defence,
“As not possessing half the sense,

" You just appear as you behave,
 " A *senseless*, yet an *artful knave*—
 But hold, my muse indignant flies
 A subject all the world despise.

Why I've expos'd you thus, you'll guess it,
 And to the world I will confess it,
 " NEMO IMPUNE ME LACESSIT."

PROLOGUE

FOR OPENING A NEW THEATRE,

Built by Subscription.

IN days of yore, stern prejudice's sway,
 Obscur'd the dawn of rising merit's ray,
 Anathemas denounc'd with vengeance strong,
 Doom'd to destruction the dramatic song;
 As by degrees the dusky film was prov'd
 The eye saw clearer, and the mist remov'd.
 Judgment and taste in this enlighten'd age
 Declare, we reap instruction from the stage,
 Led by this motive, why should we disown
 Ye nobly laid the drama's corner-stone.

On the foundation lo! -a lofty pile,
 Rais'd its fair front in true theatric stile;
 Within supplied with ev'ry decoration,
 For the twin sisters a fit habitation;—
 The tragic muse, MELPOMENE divine,
 In native lustre shall henceforward shine;
 And sweet THALIA with persuasive smiles,
 Each heart shall captivate by comic wiles;
 Both the same end by different means pursue,
 T' exhibit nature in a proper view,
 And both their various efforts shall unite,
 To yield at once instruction and delight;—
 The lib'ral host displays the sumptuous feast,
 And highly season'd to the nicest taste,

So

So shall our muses gratefully prepare
 Their choicest store of *intellectual* fare,
 Whilst their head cook shall use his utmost skill,
 Th' important task assign'd him to fulfil;
 And faith, I can't help saying to your face,
 None more assiduous e'er shall fill his place.

Worn in the service many summers past,
 He hopes to find a shelter here at last,
 A change of place and fortune may ensue,
 No change can alter his respect for *you*.

PROLOGUE

FOR A SECOND REPRESENTATION OF OTHELLO,

By Gentlemen, for the Benefit of confined Debtors.

" I WILL not go 'pon honor—psha—what stuff!
 " It is Othello—rat me, that's enough,
 " After the last attempt, who could believe,
 " That any audience would again receive,
 " A set of mummers dare to rant and spout,
 " The Mayor should turn the key and keep 'em out:
 " As for the charity, 'twere not amiss
 " Out of pure charity to lead a hiss;
 " I'll therefore go—as I was always willing
 " For a laugh's sake, to throw away three shilling."

Says a grave gentleman, with wig profound,
 " Plague on the actors all the world around,
 " Our sons infected, daughters not much better,
 " E'en children spout before they know a letter;
 " So much deprav'd are these degen'rate days,
 " That nought goes down, but what is pick'd from plays.
 " Three shillings admittance, 'tis an imposition,
 " I'll swear his worship never gave permission."

Thus

Thus while their *wit* and some their *spleen* may vent,
 They ne'er consider of the good intent :
 Our views are not to seek theatric fame,
 To serve the indigent we solely came ;
 We are content, full certain that the cause
 In virtuous breasts must ever meet applause.
 Such you possess, it cannot more appear,
 I view in each a sympathetic tear ;
 Led by your feelings, ye are come once more
 To grace the place you've oft adorn'd before ;
 Take then our thanks, but that's a trifling share,
 Take the poor's blessing and their fervent pray'r.

EPITAPH ON LAURENCE STERNE.

OH *Genius*, *Fancy*, hover nigh,
 And guard this spot from vulgar eye ;
 Oh genius, fancy, drop a tear,
 O'er the lov'd YORICK's ashes here ;
 So shall each muse and every grace,
 Come sorrowing to this sacred place ;
 Wit too will come, her vigils keep,
 E'en blue-ey'd *Wit* will learn to weep,
 All shall their sweetest flow'rets bring,
 Rais'd by the first-born breath of spring,
 And sure they'll here for ever bloom,
 For ever shade their YORICK's tomb.

Sweet passenger ! whoe'er thou art,
 If brilliant parts could fire thy heart,
 If tenderest sentiment could charm,
 And liveliest wit thy bosom warm ;
 Or, if thy breast hath sorrow known,
 In every feeling as its own,
 Here bid it flow,—thy STERNE's no more,
 Whom *Pity*, *Virtue* oft deylure ;
 Here will they meet at earliest day,
 And with their tears bedew his clay,
 To him the tender sigh shall give,
 While GENIUS, SCIENCE, FANCY live,

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

WHO'E'R thou art, with awful eyes
Behold the honor'd grave,
Where doom'd no more to conquer, lies
The once divinely brave.

Scarce had the trumpet sounded in the *West*,
When rous'd to war and impotent of rest,
This *godlike man*
To conquest ran,
And with immortal fame his country blest.

Their matchless deeds and feats of arms,
No more let *Roman annals* boast;
Bellona here finds greater charms,
And sees her ancient glory lost.

At early date
He met his fate,
Such courage length of life denied;
Yet as he bled,
The foe was fled,
Great WOLFE obtain'd the day, and *died*

ÆTATIS SUÆ 33. 1759.

EPIGRAM ON AN AUTHOR.

THE man is mad, the bucks exclaim,
If once a poet they espy;—
Ho! snuff the moon,—here, what's your name,
Write and be damn'd a tragedy.
Pardon me Sirs, the bard replies,
I am not mad it will appear
But once a month, while none denies,
Ye act like madmen, all the year.

EPI.

EPITAPH ON AN ATHEIST.

HERE lies a man, who ne'er believ'd,
In *God* or *Devil*, while he *liv'd*;
Who *now*, too late, could take his oath
Of the *reality* of *both*.

THE CITY WIT.

A CITY Wit, like some wits going,
Who can't refrain their folly shewing,
A certain coffee-house frequented,
Where puns eternally he vented;
He thought it must be vastly witty,
To set a grinning half the city.

Old HANNIBAL with wooden leg,
Call'd for some coffee and an egg;
The usual whisper went around,
Some half-pay soldier I'll be bound.

Young PERT, to catch the gen'ral ear,
Must make his cleverness appear;
" I swear Old Bluff lies on the shelf,
" As out of date as NOLL himself;
" What is his pitiful half-pay,
" 'Twill scarcely find one meal a day;
" His only comfort's now, to shew
" His bald pate and his timber toe,
" But let him hang upon a peg
" His honour, with his wooden leg."

The sarcasm hurt the VET' RAN's pride,
It cannot be at all denied,
He thought the joke beyond all bearing,
And much ado he kept from swearing.
" He who the nation's cause espouses,
" S'death! to be jest for public houses!

" Young

“ Young Jackanapes, henceforth take care
 “ What sort of characters you tear,
 “ To cure a wounded reputation,
 “ By *George*, your tongue wants amputation;
 “ Then which would be with jokes most stung,
 “ For loss of limb, or loss of tongue.”

VERSES ON ELIZA.

WHAT could tempt the daring youth,
 In his poor enfeebled lays,
 But the tribute due to truth,
 Tribute in ELIZA's praise.

Useless is the poet's strain,
 Numbers can't recount her worth,
 Painter all thy art is vain,
 Would'st thou image heaven on earth?

View her sweet expressive face,
 View those eyes of heav'nly blue;
 View her with each winning grace,
 Strictly modest, as she's true.

View that sparkling native fire,
 Now observe the trickling tear,
 Both by turns her breast inspire
 Should occasion once appear.

View her yielding taper waist,
 Full above and small below,
 View each limb, each movement chaste,
 Pure as is the mountain snow.

Could'st thou but behold her heart,
 There each gentle virtue dwells;
 Only then could'st thou impart
 How her mind her form excels.

E

Sensibility

POOR NED.

Sensibility and truth,
 Understanding most refin'd,
 Genuine health and blushing youth,
 With affability combin'd.

Be thou happy, dearest maid,
 Blest on earth with him you love ;
 And when nature's debt is paid,
 Be thou ever blest above.

POOR NED.

IN IMITATION OF POOR JACK.

The same Tune.

WHY MOLLY my dear, do you whimper and sob,
 And sigh 'till your heart's like to burst,
 What tho' a rude bullet should strike off my nob,
 Why surely I'd not be the first !
 And death we all know in the purple-stain'd field,
 Regards neither rank nor degree,
 For when the grim tyrant fate's weapon doth wield,
 He'd as soon strike a gen'ral as me ;
 Then cheer up dear MOLLY, and no longer sigh,
 But banish your sorrows afar,
 There's a just God of Battle stands sentry on high,
 To reward me with trophies of war.

What tho' it be writ in the roll-book of fate,
 That 'mid the dread battle's alarm,
 Poor NED should receive a hard knock on the pate,
 Or be dock'd of a leg or an arm ;
 Shall I skulk from my duty, when honour doth call,
 To repel the incroachments of *Spain*,
 Tho' the turf be my pillow, my breakfast a ball,
 Yet rot me, I'll never complain ;
 So it signifies nothing my charmer to cry,
 Let hope then to grief be a bar,
 There's a just God of Battle stands sentry on high,
 To reward me with trophies of war,

'Midst

'Midst dangers undaunted each *Briton* should roam,
 Who possesses the soul of a man,
 While *Coxcombs* and *Fribbles* may loiter at home,
 Whose life's a meer flash in the pan ;
 But if I be destin'd to die in my bed,
 And not in a battle be slain,
 Perchance it may hap that with laurels o'erspread,
 I'll come to my MOLLY again ;
 Then a truce to your sighing, dear MOLLY, don't cry,
 Don't you know while I'm fighting afar,
 There's a just God of Battle stands sentry on high,
 To reward me with trophies of war.

Believe me, dear MOLLY, I most constant will prove,
 Desertion shall ne'er prove my fault,
 Tho' far off I march, I'll remember my love,
 Her soldier till death bids me halt ;
 But should his keen arrow encounter my breast,
 Why then there's an end of poor NED,
 I gloriously fall, but along with the rest
 Stretch'd bravely on honor's wide bed :
 So weep not, my charmer, altho' I should die,
 Laid low by a shot or a scar ;
 There's a just God of Battle stands sentry on high,
 To reward me with trophies of war.

" I WAS, D'YE MIND, A WAGGONER,"

IN IMITATION OF

" I WAS D'YE SEE A WATERMAN."

The same Tune.

I WAS, d'ye mind a Waggoner,
 A jolly boy as any,
 Until one day
 As on my way,
 I fell in love with NANNY ;

I took her up with me to town,
 We prattled on the road,
 I griev'd at last to let her down,
 And part my pretty load ;
 So spruce was she
 So fond of me,

As gentle as a lamb,
 I ask'd her would she have me straight,
 She blush'd consent—nor did we wait
 For the word of her dad or mam.

I feasted and carous'd a-while,
 At length was forc'd to leave her,
 The day came on,
 I must be gone,
 Yet knew not how to grieve her ;
 The goods were pack'd, my load complete,
 I took a parting kifs,
 But told my NAN, we soon should meet,
 So not to think amiss ;
 She cried and sobb'd,
 Said, " She was robb'd,
 " My love was all a sham,"
 To ease her mind, I brought her where
 I left her to the honest care,
 Of my friend and my comrade SAM.

I never in my life time drove
 So sorrowful my waggon,
 For all the way,
 The live long day,
 Seem'd heavily to drag on ;
 My willing team so sleek and strong,
 I curst them o'er and o'er,
 I lash'd them with the whip so long,
 I ne'er did so before ;
 At length I thought,
 I was in fault,
 To curse and swear and damn,
 And lead myself so sad a life
 When safe I knew I'd left my wife,
 In the care of my comrade SAM.

At last the happy hour arriv'd,
 To come back to my NANCY,
 I drove like mad,
 I was so glad,
 So pleas'd in thought and fancy ;
 The time before I hardly spoke,
 Except to curse and swear,
 But now I laugh'd and crack'd my joke,
 With any that came near ;
 In dirty plight,
 Came in at night,
 I just tipp'd off a dram,
 Then trudg'd away with hasty pace,
 To hold them in my fond embrace,
 My dear wife, and my comrade SAM.

I found the door was not quite shut,
 So I made so bold to venture,
 And eagerly,
 With blithesome glee,
 On tip toe I did enter ;
 But judge my horror and surprise,
 To see with anguish sore,
 That jade my wife, with both my eyes,
 No better than a wh—e.
 I seiz'd them both,
 And nothing loth,
 But with a hearty damn,
 To hell I sent my loving mate,
 And with a blow made follow straight
 That scoundrel, my comrade SAM.

It happen'd I was taken up,
 To prison was committed,
 The jury found
 My cause was found,
 And forthwith me acquitted ;
 But never more a pretty face
 Shall leave me in the lurch,
 The devil-he may say the grace,
 E're I'll be noos'd in church ;

Now

ANNIVERSARY SONG,

Now honest friend,
 My case attend,
 Left, like a silly ram,
 A fate which many a head adorns,
 You get entangled by the horns,
 With a wife, and a comrade SAM.

ANNIVERSARY SONG,

FOR THE

LITERARY SOCIETY.

WHEN the GREAT ARCHITECT first laid,
 The universal plan,
 The music of the spheres display'd,
 And breathed into man ;
 Eternal silence ceas'd to be,
 As did eternal night,
ALL NATURE teem'd with harmony,
 All shone divinely bright.

CHORUS.

Then let us all in grand accord
 Proclaim the **UNIVERSAL LORD!**

The firmament of blue serene
 All star-bespangled shone,
 Well-pleas'd was view'd the glorious scene !
 Revolving round the **THRONE!**
O THRONE of **EVER-LIVING LIGHT!**
 Thou simple sole sublime :
 Parent of all, where all unite,
 That dwell in place or time !

CHORUS.

'Twas

'Twas then futurity began
 It's endless course to run,
 'Twas then full pow'r was giv'n to man
 O'er all beneath the sun;
 The birds that cleave the liquid air,
 The beasts that range the field,
 E'en the great wat'ry world declare,
 All, all to man must yield.

CHORUS.

Exulting thought!—thus high upheld,
 What can his rule maintain,
 In strength and swiftness far excell'd
 By tenants of the plain.
 Go, ask why angels clad in light
 Still greater power display,
 Or why the gloomy shades of night
 Submit to radiant day!

CHORUS.

To man, for endless life design'd,
 Celestial *thought* was giv'n,
 Faint image of th' all-beauteous mind,
 And laying claim to heaven!
 From the *supreme intelligence*,
 Bright *fountain increate*,
 He quaffs an *immaterial sense*,
 That laughs at time and fate.

CHORUS.

Be *ours*—to fan that ray divine
 Which in our bosom glows,
 Fair *science* only makes it shine,
 From science virtue flows:
 So shall we spurn a vulgar name,
 In modest wisdom rise,
 Pursue th' immortal road to fame,
 And gain our native skies.

CHORUS.

THE

(46)

THE OLD SOLDIER ;

OR,

POOR BROWN BESS.

RECITATIVE.

AS thro' *Hyde-Park*, the VET' RAN chanc'd to halt,
The Guards close pass'd him on a grand field day,
He stopp'd and sigh'd—" 'twas age and not his fault,
" That kept him pris'ner," (he was heard to say ;)
" Else had he still for Britain bravely dar'd,
" For *George* and *Liberty* fresh courage shed,
" Fought all those battles he once nobly shar'd,
" And in his country's cause his last had bled."

But old, decrepid, and of strength bereft,
Few were the hairs upon his silver head,
With wounds all cover'd, he reluctant left
The bed of *honour* for a *homely* bed.

His crutch now prop'd his tottering steps along,
And as he dimly view'd the glitt'ring croud,
With tear of rapture, yet of anguish strong,
A prostrate *musquet* he address'd, aloud :

SONG.

Tune—" *Then farewell my trim-built wherry,*"

THEN farewell those days of glory,
At my grief you well may guess ;
Oft have I declar'd my story
How I lov'd my POOR BROWN BESS !

Thirty-eight long years in clover
My fond arms she us'd to bless ;
Ten sad years and more are over
Since I've hugg'd my POOR BROWN BESS !

Her

Her *skin*, tho' not so soft and fair as
 Some nice dames, I must confess,
 Yet as much good time and care has
 Been employ'd on POOR BROWN BESS!

Faithful still to every duty,
 For *parade* whene'er I'd *dress*,
 Neat and *clean*, a *polish'd* beauty,
 Ever came my POOR BROWN BESS!

Of her fame, our foes can mention
 Loud *report* to their distress;
 Soon she silenc'd all dissention,
 Such a *voice* had POOR BROWN BESS!

For the service I've sustained,
 Tho' with heroes I did mess;
 All the laurels I have gained,
 I deriv'd from POOR BROWN BESS!

But alas, those times are past now,
 Age and wounds my frame possess;
 Death I find approaching fast now,
 So farewell, my POOR BROWN BESS!

One request, ah! don't oppose me,
 Ere the turf my corpse shall press,
 Or the coffin quite inclose me,
 By my *side*, place POOR BROWN BESS.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

OH! there was a wedding in Glasnughanoge,
 They talk of it still, 'twas in such style and vogue,
 With my welcome all of ye,
 Welcome heartily,
 Welcome grama chree,
 Welcome, my joys.

F

The

THE IRISH WEDDING.

The cabin was cramm'd so, it couldn't hold more,
 For there was a *hundred* wanting *threescore*,
 With my welcome, &c.

For there came Shamus and there came Shaun,
 With Kathleen, and Sheelah, and Judy, and Joan,
 With my welcome, &c.

Frize-mantle, white-kerchief, blue stocking, and brogue,
 Was the dress of the ladies of Glasnughanoge,
 With my welcome, &c.

Says Pat to his wife,—musha, Judy my honey,
 The company's come, I forgot I'd no money,
 With my welcome, &c.

Arrah, what shall we get the good couple to cheer,
 We've nothing but thebeen and four small beer,
 With my welcome, &c.

Quoth Judy to Pat, musha Paddy, you're drunk,
 You've forgotten the whiskey lock'd up in the trunk,
 With my welcome, &c.

Potatoes and herrings must do for the men,
 And as for the bride, why, we'll murder a hen,
 With my welcome, &c.

By Jacobs, says Pat, you have hit it my jewel,
 Some sticks and some turf must do us for fuel,
 With my welcome, &c.

Then who should they see coming trotting along,
 But the Priest o'th' parish on his bob-tail garron,
 With my welcome, &c.

Run, Pat, where's the whiskey?—here's Father M'Can,
 His reverence loves a good sup of a dram,
 With my welcome, &c.

Pat lugs out the bottle, then runs to the door,
 The Priest took a pull, then stalk'd in so demure,
 With your welcome, &c.

My

My childer (he cries) musha, where is the bride
And the bridegroom, that both must in wedlock be tied,
With my welcome, &c.

You'll con o'er your beads, while I tack 'em together,
And then for a dram for to keep out the weather,
With my welcome, &c.

The bride she stood up with a face all so red,
Asham'd that she must with a man go to bed,
With my welcome, &c.

The piper he tun'd up his chaunter and drone,
And they jig'd it so loving, like *Darby* and *Joan*,
With my welcome, &c.

The priest he sat stuffing and cramming his gut
With potatoes and milk, till he swell'd like a butt,
With my welcome, &c.

At length, the fond couple to bed they did creep,
So loving they were, that—they fell fast asleep,
With my welcome, &c.

Then the folks grew so merry, they jig'd it all night,
Till they all got so drunk, they began for to fight,
With my welcome, &c.

So they box'd and they kifs'd, and they so made it up,
While the priest in the corner the whiskey did sup,
With my welcome, &c.

The piper could hold neither sharp nor a flat,
Both he and the priest were as blind as a bat,
With my welcome, &c.

So they all stagger'd home, when they found it was light,
To sleep all the day, as they sat up all night,
With my welcome, &c.

THE POOR AUTHOR.

Tune—*Admiral Benbow.*

WE sing of our heroes, their deaths and their lives,
 It adds to our courage, when mem'ry revives ;
 But the subject for once let us change, and review
 A sorrowful picture, as dismal as true.

The AUTHOR, with sense and discernment endow'd,
 Too proud to be mean, yet too poor to be proud,
 By experience he's taught on misfortune to sup,
 And bitterly tastes of adversity's cup.

In him we perceive education's forgot,
 That talents, and knowledge, and genius are nought,
 That 'tis money alone our respect can insure,
 No man can have merit, if once he be poor.

But see yonder beau, Sir, dress'd out all in lace,
 With gold in his pocket and brags in his face ;
 Yet that fellow with lords and with ladies you'll find,
 And now rides in the coach, which he once rode behind.

Behold, the reverse now, in merit depress'd,
 No friends to receive, by no patron caref'd,
 For he scorned to flatter the vice of the age,
 Or sully with falshood, his pen or his page.

Rejected by printers, and managers too,
 To prospects of gain he must now bid adieu !
 For alas ! our poor author with heart full of grief,
 Knows not where to turn him for food or relief.

With anguish o'ercome, he to garret retires,
 No longer to laurel or fame he aspires,
 For subsistence alone he distracts his poor head,
 While his wife's drown'd in tears, and his child cries for bread.

Involv'd in distress, and in debt he's now found,
 The bailiffs they enter, his room they surround !
 'Tis in vain should he struggle, it now is too late,
 With a heart-rending sigh, he submits to his fate.

His wife in despondence and terror he sees,
His poor little children they cling to his knees;
Such a scene so affecting, o'erpowers him quite,
In agony speechless, he's torn from their sight.

In prison he's thrown without hope of release,
The thoughts of his fam'ly his anguish increase,
No relief now is left that from ruin can save,
And death's his sole friend here on this side the grave.

The world still obdurate, they view with disdain,
His worth, his keen sufferings, his mis'ry and pain,
His measure of sorrow is nearly complete,
'Tis enough he was poor, and contempt he must meet.

Oh say then, ye good and ye generous few,
Receive the *Poor Author*, and cherish him too,
'Ere his feelings acute and his wants weigh him low,
And he sink under load of unmerited woe.

THE IRISH COALITION SONG.

Tune—*Bow, wow.*

AS good old St. Patrick was trudging around Sirs,
He chanc'd to be shipwreck'd on Shamrockshire ground,
Sirs,

And there to his wonder and joy did pervade, Sirs,
'Twas all fill'd with namesakes and *Paddies* so brave, Sirs,
Mulha, whack, fal di de, &c.

"*Pulluloo*" (cried the Saint, as he look'd round about, Sirs)
"What a nest of huge serpents and toads, fie, get out, Sirs,
"*Ira voilah*," (cried he) and so *Dioul fughal breague*,
They all took to their beds and all died of the ague.
Mulha, whack, &c.

But what most of all put the faint in a passion,
Was to find that Old Nick there was greatly in fashion,
He ne'er could find heart Sirs, to him to be civil,
'Till by dint of hard words, he outwitted the devil.

. With his whack, &c.

Most

Most cursedly vex'd to be sarv'd such a trick, Sirs,
 (As he pack'd up his duds to be gone) cried Old Nick, Sirs,
 "Live here all surrounded by quagmires and bogs now,
 "Thy PADDIES, and *thee*, like a parcel of hogs now."
 With your whack, &c.

"Arrah, now by St. Patrick," (says Patrick) "you lie, Sir,
 "These Paddies will all be fine fellows by and-by, Sir,
 "You shall see to your grief, how our country will flourish,
 "With a drop of choice whiskey to drink *dugha durrish*.
 Musha, whack, &c.

"To your sorrow you'll find, you old serpent and rogue now,
 "In spite of oppression, and spite of their brogue now,
 "They'll turn into firelocks both plowshare and spade, Sir,
 "And then, *Oh nabachlish!* they'll have a free trade, Sir.
 With their whack, &c.

"What further may happen, I cannot tell yet, Sir,
 "But I'm greatly afraid they'll begin for to fret, Sir,
 "For to want this and that, and the Lord knows what not, Sir,
 "And by wanting too much, they may lose what they got, Sir.
 With their whack, &c.

"But I swear on my conscience, the *knights* with their stars, Sir,
 "And their brave *volunteers*, each as valiant as *Mars*, Sir,
 "Shall up to the ladies, and court 'em so gayly,
 "That they'll go far and near for one touch of *shillelah*."
 Musha, whack, &c.

Old Patrick then pull'd up a good oaken stick, Sirs,
 And belabour'd the shoulders and sides of Old Nick, Sirs,
 Who rais'd the Saint's anger to such a high pitch, Sirs,
 That he sent him to hell with a kick on the breech, Sirs.
 And a whack, &c.

To pay our Saint homage we ev'ry week meet, Sirs,
 With a *Keath mile Faltorodh* in Patrick's own street, Sirs,
 Where with *Gra machree cuishlah*, we drink and we sing, joys,
 And every man feels as much mirth as the king, boys.
 Musha, whack, &c.

Our

PADDY O'BLUNDER.

47

Our motto, " to do, as we'd wish to be done by,
With beams of good humour to enliven our fun high,
Old England and Ireland is ever our theme, Sirs,
With a *th' anam an dioul*, who'd not fight for the same Sirs.
With my whack, &c.

So now my dear joys, I will give you one toast, Sirs,
Here's our KING and our SAINT, each true Irishman's boast,
Sirs,

St. George and St. Patrick should prove mutual friend, Sirs,
And he's a d—'d *rebel*, would wish it to end, Sirs.

Musha, whack, &c.

May ~~ever~~ ^{they} ever exchange a free cordial embrace now,
And may their afflictions still daily increase now,
And he that won't pledge me in a bumper *gillore*,
Is no Paddy nor George—but a *son of a wh—e*.

With my whack, &c.

PADDY O'BLUNDER.

Tune—*Derry down*.

MUSHA! what a strange place is this same *London City*,
So full of strange monsters, good Lord! what a pity!
And what by my troth, you may think as a wonder,
There are twenty *John Bulls* for one Paddy O'Blunder.
Derry down.

You *English*, you need not be very confated,
For the *Bulls* and the *Blunders* are nearly related,
So closely allied and so like a twin brother,
You can hardly distinguish the one from the other.
Derry down.

You may think it both strange and a matter of scoff,
That *Pat* should his blunders and swearing lave off,
But your jibing and jeering, good people forbear,
For by my own soul, not an oath will I swear.

Derry down.

Nor

Nor will I of blundering spake any more,
 For *Bulls*, *Bears*, and *Lame Ducks* are now a mere bore,
 But if I could blunder on something that's right,
 For the good of the nation, I'd blunder all night.

Derry down.

What a bother ye made with my countryman *Burke*,
 His blunders have fav'd you a sad piece of work,
 For he mark'd in his useful and and elegant strain,
 The *political Bulls* of the *Jacobin Paine*.

Derry down.

So various the *Bulls* and mistakes now in vogue,
 They exceed all accounts of *our* blunders and brogue,
 For republican bull-baiters always are glad,
 To tie *JOHN* to the stake and to set him quite mad.

Derry down.

Before I could wish now the subject to drop,
 Since the fashion prevails all your noddles to crop,
 May the *bull-dogs* of *faction* no longer appear,
 Without *crop* of their hair, and a *crop* of *each ear*.

Derry down.

Then *John* and poor *Pat*, they can shake hands together,
 And thus firmly compacted, stand buff to the weather,
 Nor heed *continental* troops, storming, or thunder,
 Rejoic'd to escape *foreign Bulls* and *French Blunder*.

Derry down.

Having peace as our portion, and comfort our lot,
 A smoking hot firloin and foaming full pot,
 And our *own Bulls* and *Blunders* enjoying in clover,
 While *GEORGE* reigns triumphant from *Derry* to *Dover*.

Derry down.

THE QUACKS OF THE DAY.

Tune—" *Religion's a politic law.*"

OF quacking and quacks let us sing,
 Since both of them so much abound,
 Not confin'd to the medical string,
 But applying to ev'ry one round;
 The *Mountebank* mounting the rostrum,
 Pretending to give his advice,
 He preys on you all with his nostrum,
 Like grimalkin devouring the mice.

Sing tol lol, &c.

Physicians when young make pretence,
 On patients their practice to try,
 Experience alone gives him sense,
 In the interim the patient may die;
 And should even that prove the case,
 Your friends durst not call him a fool,
 He'll swear and look big to their face,
 He kill'd you according to rule.

Sing tol lol, &c.

But quacking so widely has grown,
 Each phiz that you see in the street,
 Not the dabbler in physic alone,
All are quacks now-a-days that we meet;
 The *Courtier's* a quack I declare,
 Poor Britain's disease to explore,
 But forc'd to resign up the care,
 Leaves her worse than he found her before.

Sing tol lol, &c.

The *Patriot* too you may see,
 Is a quack in political stuff,
 For the noise that he makes, slip a fee,
 And you'll find that he's silent enough;
 The *Lawyer* he quacks with his brief,
 For client whose pocket's well lin'd,
 But instead of your gaining relief,
 A speedy consumption you'll find.

Sing tol lol, &c.

G

Divinity

Divinity quacks are a croud,
 Undermining religion like moles,
 And canting their nonsense aloud,
 Like *Crispin* would *cobble* your souls;
 The *Soldier's* a surgical quack,
 He clumsily opens your veins
 With *pills* made of lead, in a crack
 He'd quickly remove all your pains.

Sing tol lol, &c.

The *Lord* too, by patent a quack,
 Prescribes the political race,
 Yet for all the fine clothes on his back,
 A *Jockey* you read in his face;
 E'en the *Barber* who lathers your skin,
 A quacking he frequently scuds,
 For politics eager, your chin,
 Like the nation, he leaves in the fuds.

Sing tol lol, &c.

Poor Britain, I pity your state,
 Each quack at your purse has a pull,
 For the needy, the rich, and the great,
 Have a pluck at the simple *John Bull*;
 But if you would take my advice,
 No longer continue an elf,
 Dismiss *all* your quacks in a-trice,
 And straightway prescribe for yourself.

Sing tol lol, &c.

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES; OR, THE YEAR NINETY-TWO.

Tune—*A pox take your pother, &c.*

AH, Monsieur Anglois, vat's dat I dó hear,
 Vat terrible work to commence de new year,
 France threaten'd on all sides, and Oh sacre dieu!
 Fathers, brothers, and sons in a civil war too!

Sing ah-ventre bleu,
 Ah, vat a change dere be,
 Ah, vat a change in de year 92.

By gar, such a var be not vera civil,
 Certainment, we be going all straight to de devil,
 To lunge at each other, fans ceremonie,
 Is madnefs, or folly, or both, s'il vous plait.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

L'Assemble dey vote now for dis, now for dat,
 And coin you ten million of fine assignat,
 But a fig for deir paper, me give you a score,
 Me part vid a hundred, for one louis d'or.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

Poor Louis de great, now look vera small,
 Must write vat dey bid him, or not write at all,
 So he bid his own brothers come back and not stay,
 While he'd give both his ears, could himself run away.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

He tell it to Europe how happy he's grown,
 While he sighs and he pines, if once left alone;
 Must smile when in public, and gayly must speak,
 Tho' alack, his poor heart it be ready to break.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

De Rufs, and de Prufs, and de Swede would give law,
 Pretending grand friendship for Louis le Roi,
 But for all their fine vapouring, en verite,
 I'd not give von pin, or dis pinch of rappee.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

In Poland de king fettle all in a diet,
 All tings vere adjusted vidout any riot;
 But our cards we can't play, for our *clubs* be no trumps,
 And our king and our queen be both left in de dumps.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

Doucement (cry de Patriot) all vell by and by,
 Vid your frogs and sroup-maigre, Monsieur, you can't die,
 While our emigrants scatter *deir* promises round,
 So between two such stools, we fall plumb to de ground.
 Sing, ah ventre, &c.

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

Prenez garde, Madame Rufs, c'est une autre affaire,
And Frederic Prufs, you had better take care,
For *Kings* dey pop off in a terrible frolic,
And *Emperors* die of von fit of de cholic.

Sing, ah ventre, &c.

To tell you von truth, I be glad I'm in Britain,
Or me'd not have von chair or von stool left to sit on,
For de good of my country, I must give all up,
Tho' me vent vidout breakfast, or dinner, or sup.

Sing, ah ventre, &c.

Me so happy to taste your roast beef and good cheer,
And change all my vine, for von pot of strong beer,
Dat vid my own choice, not de nines of New Spain,
Shall bribe my return to France back again.

Sing, ah ventre, &c.

Sure never a people so happy vas seen,
Vid a King so belov'd, and a good littel Queen;
Me vish, Oh mon dieu! dat poor France I could see,
So firm, so united, contented and free.

Sing, ah ventre, &c.

Thrice happy Britannia, you're country's at peace,
We're plunging in debt—while *your* taxes decreate;
When *your* constitution was held up to view,
What damn'd fools where *we*, not to copy from *you*.

Sing, ah ventre, &c.

23 OC 62

F I N I S.

Subscribers' Names.

A



Allott, Rev. Bryan, Wakefield
Allott, Miss, ditto, 2 copies
Armitage, Mr. T. Leeds.
Arnoldi, Monf. ditto 3 copies
Atkinson, Mr. W. York
Atkinson, Mr. W. Leeds

B

Blackett, Sir Thomas, Breton-
Hall, 5 copies
Boswell, Mrs. ditto, 2 copies
Beaumont, Rich. Henry, Esq;
Whitley-Beaumont, 7 copies
Beaumont, John, Esq; York
Bingley, Mr. Wakefield
Brooke, Mr. ditto
Barlow, Mrs. ditto
Broomhead, Mr. G. ditto
Bailey, Mr. W. ditto
Bakewell, Mr. R. ditto
Brooke, Mr. E. ditto, 2 copies
Bullman, Mr. R. Leeds
Burnett, Mr. Nostall, 2 copies
Battye, Mr. R. Dewsbury, 2
copies
Beanland, Mr. W. Leeds
Bell, Mr. ditto
Brooke, Mr. James, ditto
Bawman, Mr. ditto
Brooke, Mr. John, ditto
Bean, Mr. ditto, 2 copies
Beatson, Mr. R. Rotherham
Blayds, Mr. B. Hull
Baker, Mr. G. South-Milford

Bell, Mr. Aulthorpe
Birstow, Mr. Henry, Leeds
Berry, Mr. Joseph, Thong
Boothby, Mr. John, Leeds
Bramley, Mr. Thomas, ditto

C

Cowell, Mr. R, Leeds
Cartwright, Mr. Wakefield
Cartwright, Mrs. ditto
Carr, Mr. ditto
Comber, Mrs. ditto
Craven, Mr. ditto
Cleaver, Mr. Nunnington
Clapham, Mr. C. Leeds
Clapham, Mr. G. ditto
Crozier, Mr. ditto
Cottom, Mr. G. ditto
Cotton, Mr. T. Haigh
Copperthwaite, Mr. S. Leeds
Cummins, Mr. Alex. ditto
Cherry, Mr. Theatre-Royal,
York
Crofely, Mr. G. Wakefield
Crosland, Mr. Deadmanstone
Cookson, Mr. James, Leeds
Cooper, Mr. Thomas, ditto

D

D'Oyley, Ed. Esq; Wakefield,
4 copies
Dixon, Rev. Mr. Wooley
Dodd, Mr. Leeds
Duckworth, Mr. ditto
Dodsworth, Mr. ditto

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Dawson, Mr. G. ditto
 Draycott, Mr. Theatre-Royal,
 York
 Dower, Mr. Academy, High-
 gate, London
 Dower, Robert, Esq; N^o 5.
 Effex-Court, ditto

F

Firth, Mr. Lincoln, 5 copies
 Fairless, Mr. Bishop-Auckland
 Frobisher, Mr. B. Jun. York
 Fawdington, Mr. W. Stationer,
 Leeds, 4 copies

G

Greaves, Captain, Wakefield
 Gee, Mr. ditto
 A Gentleman, ditto, 5 copies
 Gilder, Mr. ditto
 Greenwood, Mr. Leeds
 Greenwood, Mr. John, ditto
 Garnaby, Mr. John, ditto
 Grey, Mr. George, ditto

H

Hewitson, T. Esq; Bellvieu
 Hoyle, Rev. Mr. Honley
 Holroyde, Mr. Robert-Town
 Holmes, Mr. B. Leeds
 Holmes, Mr. J. ditto, 2 copies
 Hutchinson, Mr. W. Wakefield
 Hall, Mr. W. ditto
 Heald, Mr. W. ditto
 Holdsworth, Mr. W. ditto
 Hardy, Mr. ditto
 Hamilton, Mr. M. Comedian,
 5 copies
 Hadwen, Mr. Leeds
 Holdsworth, Mr. John, Otley

Hebblethwaite, Mr. C. Wood.
 house
 Hodgson, George, Esq; Bishop
 Auckland
 Hodgson, Mr. G. ditto
 Hodgson, Mr. John, ditto
 Hodgson, Miss Anne, ditto
 Hutton, Mr. Geo. Thornaby-
 Grange, 2 copies
 Hall, Mr. W. Leeds
 Hutton, Mr. John, ditto
 Harvey, Mr. W. Womersley
 Houghton, Mr. W. Leeds
 Harland, Mr. T. ditto
 Holmes, Mr. Armley
 H—, Mr. Wakefield
 Hutchinson, Mr. T. Leeds
 Harrison, Mr. W. F. W. W. W. W. W.
 Hebden, Mr. W. Leeds
 Hebden, Mr. J. Jun. ditto
 Hodgson, Rev. Mr. High-
 Hayland
 Howgrove, Mr. Leeds
 Hill, Mr. T. ditto

I

Ingram, William, Esq; Halifax
 4 copies
 Ingram, Francis, Esq; ditto
 Iveson, Mr. Leeds
 Iveson, Mr. J. ditto

J

Johnson, Mr. Francis, Bishop-
 Auckland, 3 copies
 Jones, Mr. Charles, Leeds
 Joel, Mr. ditto

K

Kearton, G. Esq; St. Vincent's

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Kent, Mr. W. W. Horten
 Kerihaw, Mr. Wakefield
 Kendall, Mr. W. J. ditto
 Knowles, Mr. G. Cottingham

L

Lee, Mrs. Breton-Hall
 Linnecar, Mr. R. Wakefield
 Linnecar, Mrs. ditto
 Lee, Mrs. Leeds
 Lumb, Mr. J. H. Wakefield
 Land, Mr. ditto
 Lupton, Mr. W. Leeds
 Lawrence, Mr. R. ditto
 Lucas, Mr. S. ditto
 Lee, Mr. T. ditto
 Livezey, Mr. James, ditto
 Lonsdale, Mr. T. ditto

M

Milner, Major, Burton-Grange
 Macheel, Mr. Leeds
 Masterman, Mr. ditto
 Michell, Mr. Theatre-Royal,
 York
 Monkhouse, Mr. Wakefield
 Milnes, Mr. J. Leeds
 Maude, Mr. W. ditto
 Maude, Mr. W. G. York

N

Newfom, Mr. R. Leeds
 Newton, Mr. ditto
 Nash, Mr. J. ditto
 Nash, Mr. H. ditto

O

Oxley, Mr. Charles, Ripon

P

Pilkington, Lady, Lupset
 Proctor, Miss, Thorpe
 Proctor, Miss E. ditto
 Parkhill, R. Esq; Wakefield
 Pottguiffer, W. Esq; Leeds
 Priestley, Mr. R. ditto
 Penson, Mr. Theatre-Royal,
 York
 Parkinson, Mr. Leeds
 Porter, Mr. Seacroft
 Price, Mr. William, Leeds
 Pickering, Mr. R. ditto
 Pomfret, Mr. J. ditto

R

Richardson, Mrs. Wakefield,
 2 copies
 Roberts, Mr. Rotherham
 Rutherford, Capt. Royal Navy,
 Breton-Hall
 Rayner, Mr. T. Wakefield
 Roberts, Mr. Leeds
 Robinson, Mr. Stationer, ditto
 4 copies
 Radford, Mr. W. ditto
 Radford, Mr. T. ditto
 Rawcliffe, Mr. ditto
 Rider, Mr. C. ditto
 Rupert, Mr. J. C. ditto 3 copies
 Riggs, Mr. W. York
 Richardson, Mr. R. Selby
 R——, Miss, Leeds
 Rangeley, Mr. J. Berkingshaw
 Reed, Rev. Mr. Tankersley
 Railton, Rev. Mr. Cumberworth

S

Smith, J. F. Esq; Wakefield, 4
 copies

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

Smith & Graveley, Stationers,
Leeds, 21 copies
Smith, Mr. H. Wakefield
Sykes, Mr. J. ditto
Sykes, Mr. J. Leeds
Straubenzee, Mr. G. Horbury
Smith, Mr. J. Wakefield
Senior, Miss, ditto
Strafford, Mr. ditto, 6 copies
Scott, Miss, ditto
Steer, Miss, ditto
Steer, Miss, C. ditto
Stanley, Mr. W. Doncaster
Sigston, Mr. J. Woodhouse
Smeeton, Mr. Comedian
Savage, Mr. James, Stationer,
Howden, 12 copies
Selby, Mr. T. Wakefield
Seymour, Mr. S. ditto 2 copies
Sanderfon, Mr. R. Leeds
Scorah, Mr. W. ditto
Selby, Mr. R. ditto
Stanfield, Mr. Stationer, ditto,
6 copies
Skelton, Mr. Birthworth-Hall
Skelton, Abra. Schoolmaster,
York, 2 copies
Shaw, Mr. Jos. Leeds, 2 copies
Steer, Mr. J. Wakefield
Sawyer, Mr. Leeds
Spencer, Mr. H. ditto
Southgate, Mr. Theatre-Royal
York

T

Tottenham, Mrs. Wakefield
Tinker, Mr. S. ditto
Thornton, Mr. J. Hull
Thompson, Mr. J. Welton

Turkington, Mr. W. Leeds
Mr. R. T. ditto
Mr. T. ditto
Tinsdill, Mr. ditto
Tinsdill, Mr. W. ditto
Turner, Mr. Schoolmaster, ditto,
2 copies
Turner, Mr. B. ditto, 3 copies
Turton, Mr. T. Selby
Tipping, Mr. Leeds
Teale, Mr. T. Leeds
Turpin, Mr. Theatre-Royal,
York

W

Winn, Sir Rowland, Bart.
Nostall, 42 copies
White, Mr. C. Lincoln
Walker, Mr. W. Wakefield
Wilson, Mr. Otley
Wood, Miss F. Burton
Wilson, Mr. W. Wakefield
Wilson, Mr. J. ditto
Wood, Mr. Jonas, ditto
Waller, Mr. Printer, ditto, 2
copies
Whitehead, Mr. C. ditto
Warner, Mr. R. Garforth
Wheatley, Mr. W. Shireoaks
Wheatley, Mr. J. ditto
Wilson, Mr. I. Leeds
Warren, Mr. Theatre-Royal,
York
White, Mr. John, Leeds
Wilson, Mr. George, ditto
Weddall, Mr. M. ditto
Walker, Mr. W. ditto
Walker, Mr. Charles, Honley

